

her, like an eagle's claws, hair streaming behind her, large pink rollers clattering in the wind.

Jeffrey, the paperboy, stepped off the sidewalk to let them pass and decided to collect from Ruth and Ellis another day.

## TUESDAY AFTERNOON IN THE RED ROOSTER

Gloria sat in the corner booth wearing a cherry red beehive hair-do and a purple moo moo.

A pack of cigarettes and a pitcher of beer in front of her.

Tony moved in, wearing a ten-gallon hat and a pale yellow toga, his iguana, Bill, on his shoulder, a black patch over his eye.

Big Mike, the bartender, tugged at the shoulder strap of his flower print bikini and got the blackjack out from under the bar. Gloria could be a violent bitch if a guy's come-on hit her the wrong way.

"Excuse me. Could I buy you a drink?" said Tony.

Bill just looked her in the eye.

Her Tarzan scream split the air. She jumped across the table and hit Tony on the side of the head with her beer pitcher.

Big Mike cold-cocked her with the blackjack before she could do any more damage.

Bill climbed up on the bar thinking, "Tony just doesn't know how to talk to a woman."

-- Dan Lenihan

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